And oftentation of deſpiſed Armes?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th'anoynted King is hence?
Why fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Boſome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy Father, and thy ſelfe,
Reſcued the *blacke Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thouſand French:
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this Arme of mine,
Now priſoner to the Plaſhy, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy faults.

Bul. My gracious Vncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

Yor. Even in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come
Before th' expiration of thy time,
In braving Armes againſt thy Soveraigne.

Bul. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*,
But as a I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And noble Vncle, I beſeech your Grace
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond, my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Couſin King, be King of England,
It muſt be granted, I am Duke of Lancaſter.
You have a ſonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinſman,
Had you firſt died, and he bin thus trod downe,
He ſhould have found his Vncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denyde to ſue my Livery here,
And yet my Letters Pattens give me leave;
My fathers goods are all diſtraynd, and ſold,
And theſe, and all amiſſe imployd,

What would you have me doe? I am a ſubiect,
And challenge Law, Attorneyes are denyd me,
And therefore perſonally I lay my claime
To mine inheritance of free Deſcent.

Nor. The Noble Duke hath beene too much abus'd

Ref. It ſtands your Grace upon to doe him right,

Wil. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

Yor. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Coſins wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving Armes,
Be his owne Carver, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abeit him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

Yor. The Noble Duke hath ſworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all have ſtrongly ſworne to give him ayd,
And let him nev'r ſee joy, that breaks that oath.

Yor. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe Armes,
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſſe,
Becauſe my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoope
Vnto the Soveraigne mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this Night.

Bul. An offer Vncle, that we will accept:
But we muſt winne your Grace to goe with us
To Briſtoll Caſtle, which they ſay is held
By *Buſhie*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I have ſworne to weede, and pluke away.

Yor. It may be I will goe with you, but yet ile pawſe,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,